



The Way Things are Supposed to be



110 7 8

Chapter 1 by Emily

All of my life, I have been told what to do. From when to brush my teeth to what my bedtime would be, my whole life was a long series of commands. I always listened to them and felt that what I was doing was right. I should listen to my superiors after all, right? That is what I have always been told, but what just came out of my father's mouth would be impossible for me to do.

Chapter 2 by -



With my conscious stricken and my heart laden with grief, I set about to do what was right. I knew that which I could *not* do, therefore I continue everything but that.

It would mean turning from my love. Turning from those that I owed my life to. Those I cared the most for.

But I could not do what I was being told. I had to find to continue down the path of light. Though it be narrow, it is the only way to survive eternally. The only way to peace attain ultimate peace...

I had to flee this town of death

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Chapter 3 by

So I went when all escape
I tiptoed passed my dad's bedroom. The best chance I had to share with my mother who unfortunately passed away. She would have put sense into Dad's head. She would've stopped

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this nonsense.

I could hear my dad's snores. The Thunderer, my mom used to call him because of his snores. How I missed her. I lightly stepped down the steps and walked on until I got to the door. I was ready. I packed all my stuff, left a note like any proper teenager does when they run away. Except mine was a bit different. It wasn't the petty complaints most teenagers put in their notes. Oh no. Those words written on my note came from the man I hope to be one day. The man I never knew was inside of me.

Right now was the moment of truth. Did I have the guts to go out this door and actually run away from the place I have lived in all my life? Did I have the guts to play my cards on destiny? To stake the trust my dad had in me as a docile, obedient son? I took a deep breath. Once I stepped through this door, there would be no turning back. No returning to the boy I was now.

Chapter 4 by Windlion



The neighborhood where I had grown up seemed to be already fading away under the street lights as I walked down the street.

Memories crowded in. There's Mister Johnson's corner store, he had always offered me a free ice cream and a sympathetic ear whenever I came by. There's the school, and the library.

It's a small town.

There's the police station. I could wait until morning, go in and tell Officer McCloud what my father had said. She would listen.

Or I could hide and wait until school let out and Mister Ansari went over to open up the library. I could warn him, urge him and his partner to get out of town before my father and his friends had them arrested on made-up charges of terrorist conspiracy and recruiting minors.

But my father would just deny that he had said any such thing, and people would believe him. He owns the bank, after all, and helps folks keep their heads above water when they run into hard times.

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